SAILING IN THE SOUTH

Robert Louis Stevenson Describes His First Day

With the Marquesans.

THEY TOOK HIS SCHOONER YACHT BY STORM.

Delighted With the Pretty Ship, but Scarcely Up to the Usages

of Polite Society.

The Balm and Beauty of the Pacific Isles Have Completely Captured the Popular Author

and He Will Live and Die Among Them. Sensation of the First Glimpse of Land

After the Long Voyage--- Disquisition on the Polynesian Character--- Facility With

Which the Natives Learn English--- Some Points of Etiquette That Came Near

Making Trouble for the Visitors--- The Dwellings of the Various Tribes -- The

OFF ANAHO, MARQUESAS ISLANDS, and the Casco, hauling her wind, began to

cliff yawned, but now with a deeper entry;

palm, that giraffe of vegetables, so graceful, so ungainly, to the European eye so foreign,

was to be seen crowding on the beach, and climbing and fringing the steep sides of

mountains; and presently a house or two
appeared, standing high on the ankles of
the hills, and one of these surrounded with
what seemed a garden. These conspicuous
habitations, that patch of culture, had we
but known it, were a mark of the passage of
whites; and we might have accessed.

whites; and we might have approached a hundred islands and not found their parallel.

It was longer ere we spied the native vil-

the cocoa tree and the island man are both

proverb; but they are all three, so long as

mark of anchorage was a blow-hole in the

rocks, near the southeasterly corner of the bar. Punctually to our use, the blow-hole

"The coral waxes, the palm grows, but

lovers and neighbors of the surf.

Parewells.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

Aug. 28, 1890.-For nearly ten years my

health has been declining; and for some while before I set forth upon my voyage I

believed I was come to the afterpiece of life,

and had only the nurse and undertaker to

xpect. It was suggested that I should try

the South Seas, and I was not unwilling to

visit like a ghost, and be carried like a babe,

mong scenes that had attracted me in youth

chartered accordingly Dr. Merrit's

chonner vacht, the Casco, 74 tons register;

anied from San Francisco toward the end of

June, 1888, visited the Eastern Islands and

was left early the next year at Honolulu. Hence, lacking courage to return to my old

ite of the house and sick room, I set forth

to leeward in a trading schooner, the Equa-

or, of a little over 70 tons, spent four

onths among the atolls of the Gilbert

roup, and reached Samoa toward the close

of 1889. By that time gratitude and habit sere beginning to attach me to the islands;

and gained a competency of strength; I had made friends; I had learned new inter-

sts; the time of my voyage had passed like tays in fairyland, and I decided to remain.

It more days are granted me, they shall be passed where I have found life most pleasant and man most interesting. The

the foundations of my future house, and I must learn to address readers from the uttermost parts of the sea.

That I should have thus reversed the ver-

dict of Lord Tennyson's hero is less eccen-tric than appears. Few men who come to

the islands leave them; they grow gray where they alighted; the palm shades and the trade wind fans them till they die, perhaps cherishing to the last the tancy of a

visit home, which is rarely made, more rarely enjoyed, and yet more rarely repeated. No part of the world exerts the same attractve power upon the visitor, and the task be

ore me is to communicate to fireside travel

rs some sense of its seduction, and describe be life, at sea and ashore, of many hundred

thousand persons, some of our own blood and

The first experience can pever be repeated.

The first love, the first sunrise, the first

South Sea island are memories apart and

suched a virginity of sense. On the 28th

f July, 1888, the moon was an hour down

ov 4 in the morning. In the east a radiat-

ne center of brightness told of the day; and

ath, on the sky line, the morning bank

was already building, black as ink. We have all read of the swiftness of the day's the anchor plunged. It was a small sound.

coming and departure in low latitudes; it is a great event; my soul went down with these

point on which the scientific and the sen- moorings, whence no windlass may extract

Sarbarossa, the Apostles or the Cæsars.

## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

a word for it; oculi putres, they said—eyes rancid with expression. A kind of despair came over me, to sit there helpless under all these staring orbs, and be thus blocked in a corner of my cabin by this speechless crowd; and a kind of rage to think they were beyond the reach of articulate communication, like furred animals, or folk born deaf, or the dwellers of some alien

born deaf, or the dwellers of some alien

To cross the channel is, for a boy of 12, to change heavens; to cross the Atlantic, for a man of 24, is hardly to modify his diet. But I was now escaped out of the shadow of the

I was now escaped out of the shadow of the Roman empire, under whose toppling monuments we were all cradled, whose laws and letters are on every hand of us, constraining and preventing. I was now to see what men might be whose fathers never studied Virgil, had never been conquered by Cæsar and never been ruled by the wisdom of Gains or Papinian. By the same step I had journeyed forth out of that comfortable zone of kindred languages, where the curse of Babel is so easy to be remedied; and my tellow creatures sat before me dumb, like images. Methought, in my travels, all human relation was to be excluded; and when I returned home (for in those days I still projected my return) I should have but dipped into a picture book without a text. Nay, and I even questioned if my travels should be much prolonged; perhaps they were destined to a speedy end; perhaps my subsequent friend, Kauanui, whom I remarked there, sitting silent with the rest, for a man of some authority, might leap up with an ear-splitting silent with the rest, for a man of some authority, might leap up with an ear-splitting

thority, might leap up with an ear-splitting signal, the ship be carried with a rush, and the ship's company butchered for the table. There could be nothing more natural than

There could be nothing more natural than these apprehensions, nor anything more groundless. In my experience of the islands, I had never again so menacing a reception; were I to meet with such to-day, I should be more alarmed and tenfold more surprised. The majority of Polynesians are easy folk to get in touch with travels for a day of motions.

get in touch with, frank, fond of notice, greedy of the least affection, like amiable

fawning dogs; and even with the Marques-aus, so recently and so imperfectly redeemed from a blood-boltered barbarism, all were to

become our intimates, and one, at least, was

The impediment of tongues was one that I particularly overestimated. The languages

to mourn sincerely our departure.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1891.

Biscuit, jam, and syrup was the entertainment, and, as in European parlors, the photograph album went the rounds. This sober gallery, their everyday costumes and physiognomies, had become transformed, in three weeks' sailing, into things wonderful and rich and foreign; alien faces, barbaric dresses, they were now beheld and fingered, in the swerving cabin, with innocent excitement and surprise. Her Majesty was often recognized, and I have seen French subjects kiss her photograph; Captain Speedy—in an Abyssinian war dress, supposed to be the uniform of the British army—met with much acceptance, and the effigies of Mr. Andrew Lang were admired in the Marquesas. There is the place for him to go when he shall be weary of Middlesex and Homer.

These points of similarity between a South Sea people and some of my own folk at home ran much in my head in the islands; and not only inclined me to view my fresh acquaintances with favor, but continually modified my judgment. A polite Englishman comes to day to the Marquesans and in Shelter and a hearth are needs so pressing that a man looks not beyond; he is out all day after a bare bellyful, and at night when he sayeth. "Aha, it is warm!" he has not appetite for more. Or if for something else, then something higher; a fine school of poetry and song arose in these rough shelters, and an air like "Lachaber no more" is an exidence of refinement, more convincies.

ters, and an air like "Lachaber no more" is an evidence of refinement more convincing, as well as more imperishable, than a palsee. To one such dwelling platform a considerable troop of relatives and dependents resort. In the hour of the dusk, when the fire blazes and the scent of the cooked breadfruit fills the air, and perhaps the lamp glints already between the pillars of the house, you shall behold them silently assemble to this meal, men, women and children; and the dogs and pigs frisk together up the terrace stairway, switching rival tails. The strangers from the ship were soon equally welcome; welcome to dip their fingers in the wooden dish, to drink coccanuts, to share the circulating pipe, and to

I have mentioned the distasteful behavior

I have mentioned the distasteful behavior of our earliest visitors, but the great majority of Polynesians are excellently mannered; however, the Marquesan stands apart, annoying and attractive, wild, shy and refined. If you make him a present he affects to forget it, and it must be offered him again at his going; a pretty formality I have found nowhere else. A hint will get rid of any one or any number; they are so fiercely proud and modest; while many of the more lovable but blunter islanders crowd upon a stranger, and can be no more driven off than flies. A

and can be no more driven off than flies. A slight or an insult the Marquesan seems

never to forget. I was one day talking by the wayside with my friend Hoka, when I perceived his eyes suddenly to flash and his stature to swell. A white horseman was

coming down the mountain, and as he passed, and while he paused to exchange salutations with myself, Hoka was still staring and ruffling like a game cock. It was a Corsican who had years before called him cocher savage-cocon chausage as

him cochon sauvage—cocon chauvage, as Hoka misprenounced it. With people as nice and so touchy, it was

scarce to be supposed that our company of greenhorns should not blunder into offenses.

could never learn how, against some point of observance; and, though I was dryly thanked, my offerings were left upon the

on Toma. Hoka's adoptive father, and in his

first place, we did not call upon him, as per-

haps we should, in his fine new European

house, the only one in the hamlet. In the

his rival, Taipi-kikino, it was Toma whom

we saw standing at the head of the beach,

magnificent figure of a man, magnificently

tattooed; and it was of Toma that we asked our question: "Where is the chief?"
"What chief?" cried Toma, and turned

his back on the blasphemers. Nor did he forgive us. Hoka came and went with us

daily: but alone I believe of all the coun-

foot on board the Casco. The temptation

resisted it is hard for a European to com

tryside, neither Toma nor his wife

econd, when we came ashore upon a visit to

own eyes the rightful chief of Anaho. In the



A MARQUESAN VILLAGE.

pitality.

hamlet, quite out of reach of any tourist, I have met the same plain and dignified hos

of Polynesia are easy to smatter, though hard to speak with elegance. And they are extremely similar, so that a person who has a tineture of one or two may risk, not withwhen I paid the return visit as a little boy, I was highly diverted with the backwardness of Italy; so insecure, so much a matter of the day and hour is the pre-eminence of out hope, an attempt upon the others.

Not only is Polynesian easy to smatter, lage, standing (in the universal fashion) but interpreters abound. Missionaries,

It was so that I hit upon a means of com It was so that I hit upon a means of com-munication which I recommend to travelers. When I desired any detail of savage cus-tom, or of superstitious beliet, I cast back in the story of my fathers, and fished for what I wanted with some trait of equal bar-barism; Michael Scott, Lord Derwentwater's head, the second sight, the Water Kelpie, each of these I have found to be a killing bait; the black bull's head of Stirling pro-cured me the legend of Rahero; and what I cured me the legend of Rahero; and what I knew of the Cluny Macphersons, or the Appin Stewarts, enabled me to learn, and helped me to understand, about the Tevas of Tahiti. The native was no longer



and his lips were opened. It is this sense of kinship that the traveler must rouse and share, or he had better content himself with travels from the blue bed to the brown. And the presence of one cockney titterer will cause a whole party to walk in clouds

of darkness.

The hamlet of Ahaho stands on a margin of flat land between the west of the beach and the spring of the impending mountains. A grove of balms, perpetually ruffling its green fans, carpets it (as for a triumph) with fallen branches, and shades it like an arbor. A road runs from end to end of the covert among beds of flowers, the milliner's shop of the community; and here and there, in the grateful twilight, in an air filled with a diversity of scents, and still within hearing of the surf upon the reef, the native houses stand in scattered neighborhood. The same word, as we have seen represents in many tongues of Polynesia, with scarce a share of difference, the abode of man. But although the word be the same, the structure itself continually varies; and the Mar-quesan, among the most backward and barbarous of islanders, was yet the most ommodiously lodged. The grass huts of Hawaii, the bird cage houses of Tahiti, o the open shed, with the crazy Venetian blinds, of the polite Samoan-none of these can be compared with the Marquesa paepae-hae, or dwelling plat orm.

The pae-pae is an oblong terrace, built without cement, of black volcanic stone from 20 to 50 feet in length, raised from fou to eight feet from the earth, and accessible by a broad stair. Along the back of this and coming to about half its width, runs the open front of the house, like a covered gal lery; the auterior, sometimes neat and al most elegant in its bareness, the sleeping space divided off by an end-long coaming some bright raiment perhaps hanging from a nail, and a lamp and one of White's sewing machines the only marks of civilization, On the outside, at one end of the terrace, burns

pete. The "Flying City of Laputa, moored for a fortnight in St. James' Park, affords but a pale figure of anchored before Anaho; for the Londone has still his change of pleasures, but the Marquesan passes to his grave through an unbroken uniformity of days.
On the afternoon before it was intended

we should sail a valedictory party came on board, nine of our particular friends, equipped with gifts and dressed as for a fes-tival. Hoka, the chief dancer and singer, the greatest dandy of Anaho and one of the handsomest young fellows in the worldsulien, showy, dramatic, light as a feather and strong as an ex-it would have been hard on that occasion to recognize, as he sat there stooped and silent, his face heavy and gray. It was strange to see the lad so much affected; stranger still to recognize in his last gift one of the curios we had refused on the first day, and to know our friend, so gayly dressed, so plainly moved at our de-parture, for one of the half-naked crew that had besieged and insulted us on our arrival; strangest of all, perhaps, to find in that carved handle of a fan, the last of those curiosities of the first day which had now all been given to us by their possessors—their chief merchandise, for which they had sought to ransom us as long as we were strangers, which they pressed on us for nothing as soon as we were friends. The last visit was not long protracted. One after another they shook hands and got down into their cance, when Hoka turned his back immediately upon the ship, so that we saw his face no more. Taini, on the other hand, remained standing and facing us with gracious valedictory gestures; and when Captain Otis

To demand of the relativest to regulate the comforts of the laboring classes, to diffuse knowledge, to alleviate soffering, and to equalize, as far as possible, the social condition of their fellow men. valedictory gestures; and when Captain Otis dipped the ensign the whole party saluted with their hats. This was the farewell; the espisode of our visit to Anaho was held concluded; and though the Casco remained nearly 40 hours at her moorings, not one re-turned on board, and I am inclined to think they avoided appearing on the beach. reserve and dignity is the finest trait of the

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"another boy" they are to give him a grea "send-off" at his christening. Every crowned head in Europe, save the Czar, is to stand sponsor for Number Six, and if he wood is rare, and with materials so rude as turf and stone, the very hope of neatness is sing every sort of thing for him, he will be excluded. And in Scotland it is cold. "smarter" than most boys.

WEALTH IS DIVINE.

Bishop Newman Is a Believer in the Accumulation of Money.

THE RICH MEN ARE NOT DAMNED. Labor's War To-Day Is Only Against the

Aristocracy of Capital.

POWER OF DIVES FOR DOING GOOD

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ] I believe in accumulated wealth. The acquisition of property is a divine git. In-dustry and frugality are the laws of thrift. To amass great fortunes is a special endowment. As poets, philosophers and orators are born such, so the financier has a genius for wealth. By intuition he is familiar with the laws of supply and demand. He seems gifted with the vision of a seer of the coming changes in the market; he knows when to buy and when to sell, and when to hold fast. He anticipates the flow of popuation and its effect upon real estate.

As the poet must sing because the muse s in him, so the financier must make noney. He cannot help it. The endownent of this gift is announced in Scripture: "The Lord thy God giveth thee power to get wealth." And all such promises are illustrated in the present financial condi-tion of Christian nations, who control the finances of the world.

A Wild, Irrational Cry.

Against these natural and lawful rights to the possession of property is the clamor for the distribution of property among those who have not acquired it, either by inheritance, or skill, or industry. It is a communism that has no foundation either in the constitution of acquired the constitution of nature or in the social order of mankind. It is the wild, irrational cry of labor against capital, between which, in the economy of nature and in political economy, there should be no common antag-

There is a wealth of muscle, and a wealth of brain, and a wealth of character. He is a aborer who does productive work; he is a laborer who does productive work; he is a capitalist who has \$5 or \$500,000. Capital may be a tyrant, and labor may be a despot. The employer and the employe have inviolable rights; the former to employ whom he can for what he can, and the latter to respond when he can. The envy of the poor and the jealousy of the laboring classes are not excelled against these. not excited against those who possess vast fortunes, but against the supreme ease and he supreme indifference of the rich.

The Mission of Wealth.

Wealth has the noblest of missions. It is not given to hoard, nor to gratify, nor for the show of pomp and power. The rich are the almoners of the Almighty. They are the almoners of the Almighty. They are His disbursing agents. They are to inaugurate those great enterprises which will bring thrift to the masses; not the largest dividends, but the largest prosperity. Capital makes it possible for the laborer to enjoy a happiness that waits upon honest industry.

When the wealthy build libraries of learning, museums of art, and temples of piety, they will be esteemed the benefactors of their kind. When the wealth of capital joins hands with the wealth of intellect, the wealth of muscle, and the wealth of goodness for the common good, then labor and capital will Wealth has the noblest of missions. It is

common good, then labor and capital will be esteemed the equal factors in giving every man life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

greenhorns should not blunder into offenses. Hoka, on one of his visits, fell suddenly in a brooding silence, and presently after left the ship with cold formality. When he took me back into favor he adroitly and pointedly explained the nature of my offense: I had asked him to sell coconnuts; and in Hoka's view articles of food were things that a gentleman should give, not sell; or at least that he should not sell to any friend. On another occasion I gave my boat's crew a luncheon of chocolate and biscuits. I had sinned, I could never learn how, against some point The right to property is founded in nature, sustained by organized society, and pro-tected by the sanctions of the divine law. This right has its origin in a prior fact, that each human being is a distinct individuality, adapted to all the purposes of self gov ernment, and responsible to God and to society for the manuer in which his powers are employed. By his physical nature he is connected with the universe, which is modi-fied to supply his wants. He is so created that he is dependent on the air, the sun-shine and the products of the soil for the continuance of his life, and that end is at tained as he puts forth his natural powers and extracts from the universe that on which he can subsist. He has a right to use his body as he will, provided such use is not an interference with the equal rights of his fel-

ow men. Possessing an intellect, he has a right to the products thereof. Endowed with a soul of sensibilities, passions, and aspirations, he has the inherent right to seek happiness, always recognizing a common right in each of ways recognizing a common right in each of his fellow creatures. By this physical, intellectual, and spiritual endowment man is made for society, and each individual in his social capacity is bound to every other individual by the law of reciprocity. If, by the constitution of nature, a man has a right to himself, he has also an equal right to that which may result from the innocent use of his bodily and mental powers. The result is what men call property.

nen call property. Divine and Human Law. In all well-regulated society every man is acorded the right to possess that which he has nade and the power of control over the same.

He has not only the right to a piece of gold by discovery, or purchase, or labor, but, when he fashions the same into a work of art, his right fashions the same into a work of art, his right is increased by virtue of his skill. Around this sacred right divine and human laws throw their awful sanctions. "Thou shalt not steal" is the command of high heaven.

Upon the recognition of this right depend the existence and progress of society. Ignore this right and no one would labor more than is sufficient for his individual subsistence, as he would have no more right than a new trees.

sufficient for his individual subsistence, as he would have no more right than any other person to the surplus; and there would therefore be no accumulation, no provision for the future, no means by which improvements could be made; there would be no noble cities, no elegant homes, no invented means of travel, no advanced civilization. The question involves the distinction between the savagery of the barbarian and the refinements and comforts of civilized life. A nation of thieves would be a nation of barbarians.

There is no prejudice against honorable and benevolent wealth. The war of to-day against capital is against the aristocracy of riches, and where wealth is hoarded and appropriated for personal gratification and grandeur, or held for the love of the power that issues therefrom.

Angered by the Selfish Man.

Angered by the Selfish Man.

It is this selfishness of the affluent that awakens the wrath of the poor of the laboring classes. Nor is there violent opposition to for-tunes speedily acquired, but public displeasure is aroused against the man of wealth who ma-nipulates the market for his own benefit, and is nipulates the market for his own benefit, and is indifferent to the bankruptcy of hundreds and thousands whose acquired fortunes are sacrificed by his heartless stock gambling.

It is not true that the rich are necessarily misanthropic. Large possessions in land and money do not sour the milk of human kindness that flows through the veins of humanity. To whom are we indebted for those houses of charity whose gates of mercy stand open day and night?

Who are the founders of those libraries which spread their ample feast before mankind? The universities and colleges of our country are the

universities and colleges of our country are the monuments of the rich. Society has the right to demand of the rich to regard their wealth as

Didn't Use One There. oston Herald 1

Tramp-Don't call me lazy, madam. I assure you I take great pleasure in using Lady-Well, there's one in the barn you

can use to clear the ice from that path. Tramp—It isn't the right kind, lady. Lady-Why, what kind of a pick do you

For Theater Lovers.

A lovely little blank book called "The Record of Plays Seen" is a pleasure to theater goers. It has printed blanks upon which o record the time, play, theater, cast of



A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

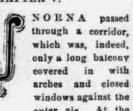
WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as Standard Literature.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The entire action occurs in a little over four weeks, and in the city of Prague, Bohemia. The story opens in the Teyn Church, crowded with people. The hero, the Wanderer, is there, searching for his love, Beatrice. Seven years before they had fallen in love, but her father forbade a marriage and took his daughter away on endless travels to cure her of her affection. For seven long years the Wanderer has searched for her. On this day he sees her in a distant part of the church. He attempts to reach her, but the crowd is too great. Finally, in the darkness, he followed a figure he thinks is that of Bearrice to the home of Unorna, the Witch of Prague. The latter calls the girl he has followed and convinces him of his mistake. Unorna falls in love with the Wanderer and finds she can hypnotize him. He tells her his story and she offers to help him find Heatrice. Fearful of her hypnotize powers, the Wanderer concludes to search Prague himself first, and, failing, then to seek the Witch's aid. He searches and falls. About to return to the Witch, he useds Keyork Araban, an old friend, to whom he tells the story. The latter advises the Wanderer to go to the Witch, Meantime, israel Kafka visits the Witch. They had been lovers, but now the Witch finds herself madly in love with the Wanderer. She tries in vain to put Kafka off, and then hypnotizes him and commands him not to love her longer.

CHAPTER V.



outer air. At the farther end three steps descended to a dark door, through the thickness of a massive wall, showing that at this point Unorna's house had at some former time been joined with another building beyond, with which it thus formed one habitation. Unorna paused, holding the key as though hesitating whether she should put it in the lock.

but these panels were in reality movabl trays, as it were, forming shallow boxes fitted with closely woven wicker covers, and filled with charcoal and other porous sub-stances intended to absorb the impurities of the sir, and thus easily changed and renewed from time to time. Immediately beneath the ceiling were placed delicate glass globes of various soft colors, with silken shades, movable from below by means of brass rods and handles. In the ceiling itself there were very large ventilators, easily regulated as might be required; and there was a curious arrangement of rails and wheels from which depended a sort of swing, apparently adapted for moving a person or a weight to different parts of the room without touching the floor. In one of the lounges, not far from the win-dow, lay a colossal old man, wrapped in a loose robe of warm white stuff, and fast

He was a very old map, so old indeed, as It was evident that much depended upon to make it hard to guess his age from his her decision, for her face expressed the face and his hands, the only parts visible as anxiety she felt. Once she turned away, as he lay at rest, the vast body and limbs lying



THE SECRET OF LIFE AND DEATH WAS BEFORE HER.

though to abandon her intention, hesitated! and then, with an impatient frown, opened the door and went in. She passed through a small, well-lighted vestibule, and entered the room beyond. The apartment was furnished with luxury,

but a stranger would have received an oddly disquieting impression of the whole at a first glance. There was everything in the place which is considered necessary for a bedroom, and everything was perfect of its kind, spotless and dustless, and carefully arranged in affecting the expression of the face as the order. But almost everything was of an unusual and unfamiliar shape, as though designed for some especial reason to remain in equilibrium in any possible position, and to



The Wolf Crawled Fawning to Her Feet. be moved from place to place with the smallest imaginable physical effort. The carved bedstead was fitted with wheels, which did not touch the ground, and levers so placed as to be within reach of a person lying within it. The tables were each supported at one end only by one strong column, fixed to a heavy base set on broad rollers, so that the board could be run across a bed or a lounge with the greatest case. There was but one chair made like ordinary chairs; the rest were so constructed that the least motion of the occupant must be accompanied by a corre-sponding change of position of the back and arms, and some of them bore a curious resemblance to a surgeon's operating table, having attachments of silver-plated metal at many points, of which the object was not immediately evident. Before a closed door a sort of wheeled conveyance, partaking of the nature of a chair and of a perambulator stood upon polished rails, which disappeared under the door itself, showing that the thing was intended to be moved from one room to another in a certain way and in a fixed line The rails, had the door heen opened, would have been seen to descend upon the other side by a gentle inclined plane into the center of a huge marble basin, and the contrivance thus made it possible to wheel a person into a bath and

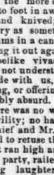
motionless under his garment as beneath a heavy white pall. He could not be less than 100 years old, but how much older than that he might really be, it was impossi-ble to say. What might be called the waxen period had set is, and the high colorless features seemed to be modeled in that soft, semi-transparent material. The time had come when the stern furrows of age had broken up into countless minutely traced lines, so close and fine as to seem a part of the texture of the skin, mere shadings evenly distributed throughout, and no longer deep wrinkles had done in former days; at threescore and ten, at lourscore, and even at 90 years. The century that had passed had taken with it its marks and scars, leaving the great features in their original purity of design, lean, smooth and clearly defined. That last change in living man is rare enough, but when once seen is not to be forgotten. There is something in the faces of the very, very old which hardly suggests age at all, but rather the vague possibility of a returning prime. Only the hands tell the tale, with their huge, shining, fleshless joints, their shadowy hollows, and their unnatural vellow nails.

old man lay quite still, breathing soitly through his snowy beard. Unorna came to his side. There was something of wonder and admiration in her own eyes as he stood there gazing upon the face which other generations of men and women, all long dead, had looked upon and known. The secret of life and death was before her The secret of life and death was before ner each day when she entered that room, and on the very verge of solution. The wisdom hardly gained in many lands was striving with all its concentrated power to preserve that life; the rare and subtle gifts which she herself possessed were daily exercised to their full in the suggestion of vitality; the most elaborate inventions of skilled mechanicians were employed in reducing the labor of living to the lowest conceivable degree of effort. The great experiment was being tried. What Keyork Arabian described as the embalming or a man still alive was being attempted. And he lived. For years they had watched him and tended him and looked critically for the least sions of a diminution or augments. tion of strength. They knew that he was



Let Bygones Be Bygones, Keyork, now in his 107th year, and yet he lived and was no weaker. Was there a limit or was there not, since the destruction of the tissues was arrested beyond doubt, so far as the most minute tests could show? Might there not be, in the slow oscillations of nature, a out again without necessitating the slightest effort or change of position in the body. In the bedroom the windows were arranged so that the light and air could be regulated to a nicety. The walls were covered with fine basket work, apparently adapted in panels;





A European Residence. like the pinnacles of some ornate and mor strons church they stood there in the sparkling brightness of the morning, the fit signboard of a world of wonders.

spired some tasteful poetry. The period certainly varies with the season; but here is

one case exactly noted. Although the dawn

was thus preparing by 4, the sun was not up

till 6; and it was 5:30 before we could dis-tinguish our expected islands from the clouds on the horizon. Eight degrees south,

and the day two hours a-coming.

The interval was passed on deck in the si-

lence of expectation, the customary thrill of landfall heightened by the strangeness of

the shores that we were then approaching.

starboard bow; almost abeam arose our des-

the sun displayed the needles of Ua-pu.

These pricked about the line of the borizon;

Slowly they took shape in the attenuating

Not one soul aboard the Casco had set foot upon the islands, or knew, except by accident, one word of any of the island tongues; and it was with something, perhaps, of the same auxious pleasure as thrilled the bosom of discoverers that we drew near these problematic shores. Winged by her own impetus and the

dying breeze, the Casco skimmed liffs, opened out a cove, showed us a beach and some green trees, and flitted by again, bowing to the swell. The trees, from our distance, might have been hazel; the beach might have been in Enrope; the mountain forms behind modeled in little from the Alps, and the forest which clustered on their ramparts a growth no more considerable than our Scottish leath. Again the generations, squatted cross-legged upon the flatner wome forms behind modeled in little from the barrassing eyes. The eyes of all Polynestations, squatted cross-legged upon the flatner wome barrassing eyes. The eyes of all Polynestations are like the eyes of animals and some Italians. The Romans knew that look, and had ages.

OFF THE COAST OF MARQUESAS. timental tourists are at one, and has in- nor any diver fish it up; and I and some part of my ship's company were from that nour the bondslaves of the isles of Vivien. Before yet the anchor plunged a canoe was already paddling from the hamlet. It contained two men-one white, one brown and tattooed across the face with bands of blue, both in immaculate white Europea clothes-the resident trader, Mr. Regler, and

the native chief, Taipi-Kikino. "Captain, is it permitted to come or board?" were the first words we heard among the islands. Canoe followed canoe till the ship swarmed with stalwart, 6-foot darkness. Ua-huna, piling up to a trun- men in every stage of undress; some in a ented summit, appeared the first upon the shirt, some in a loin cloth, one in a handkerchief, imperfectly adjusted; some, and tination, Nuka-hiva, whelmed in cloud; and hetwixt and to the southward the first rays head to foot in awful patterns; some barbar sous and knived; one, who sticks in my memory as something bestial, sqatting on his hams in a cance, sucking an orange and spitting it out again to alternate sides, with an spelike vivacity-all talking, and we could not understand one word; all trying to trade with us, who had no thought of trading, or offering us island curios at prices

palpably absurd. There was no word of welcome: no show of civility; no hand extended save that of the chief and Mr. Regler. As we still con-tioned to retuse the proflered articles, complaint ran high and rude; and one, the jeste of the party, railed upon our meanness, amid jeering laughter. Among other angry pleasantries—"Here is a mighty fine ship," said he, "to have no money on board!" own I was inspired with sensible repug nance, even with alarm. The ship was manifestly in their power; we had women on board; I knew nothing of my guests be-Directory (my only guide) was full of timid cautions; and as for the trader, whose presence might else have reassured me, were not and accomplices of native outrage?

he reads this confession our kind friend, Mr. Regler, can afford to smile. Later in the day, as I sat writing up my journal, the cabin was filled from end to end with Marquesans - three brown-skinned generations, squatted cross-legged upon the

close upon a curve of beach, close under a traders, and broken white folk living on the language, all our cotemporaries, and yet as grove of palms, the sea in front growling bounty of the natives, are to be found in alternative and whitening on a concave arc of reef. For most every isle and hamlet; and even where these are unserviceable, the natives them-selves have often scraped up a little English, and in the French zone (though far less com-monly) a little French-English, or an efficient pidgin, what is called to the westward "Beach-la-Mar," comes easy to the Polynesian; it is now taught, besides, in the school of Hawaii; and from the multiplicity of British ships, and the nearness of the States on one hand, and the colonies on the other, it may be called, and will almost certainly

STEVENSON'S CAMP AT APAMANA, GILBERT ISLANDS.

become, the tongue of the Pacific.

I will instance a few examples. I met in
Majuro a Marshall Island boy who spoke
excellent English; this he had learned in the German firm in Jaluit, yet did not speak one word of German. I heard from a gendarme who had taught school in Rapa-iti
that while the children had the utmost diffireluctance to learn French, they picked up English on the wayside and as if by accident. On one of the most out-of-the-way atolls in the Carolines, my friend, Mr. Benja ing cricket on the beach and talking English: and it was in English that the crew of the Janet Nicoll, a set of black boys from different Melanesian islands, communicated with other natives throughout the cruise, transmitted orders and sometimes

jested together on the fore hatch. But what struck me perhaps most of all was a word I heard on the verandah of the Tribunal at Noumea. A case had just been heard—a trial for infaticide against an apelike native woman, and the audience were smoking cigarettes as they awaited the verdict. An anxious, amiable French lady,

GROUP OF SAMOARS WITH PRESENTS FOR STEVENSON.

whites in the Pacific the usual instigators To begin with, I was the showman of the and accomplices of native outrage? When Casco. She, her fine lines, tall spars, and snowy decks, the crimson fittings of the saloon, and the white, the gilt, and the repeating mirrors of the tiny cabin, brought us a hundred visitors. The men fathomed us a hundred visitors. The men fathomed out fier dimensions with their arms, as their fathers fathomed out the ships of Cook; the women declared the cabins more lovely than a church; and bouncing Junos were never weary of sitting in the chairs and con-

templating in the glass their own bland im-

all. And in the first stage of my relations with natives I was helped by two things. To begin with, I was the showman of the hall of the inhabitants. To some houses water is brought down the mountain i bamboo pipes, periorated for the sake o

mind, I was struck to remember the sluttish mounds of turf and stone in which I have sat and been entertained in the Heb-rides and North Islands. Two things, I suppose, explain the contrast. In Scotland

Emperor William's Number Six Number Six, the latest born in the Ger With the Highland comparison in

man Emperor's family, is not a rarity, bu